

24

Monthly Film REVIEW

Vol. 6. No. 5

FEBRUARY, 1948

9^D

feature film:

Anna Karenina

and with an exclusive article
by **JEAN KENT**

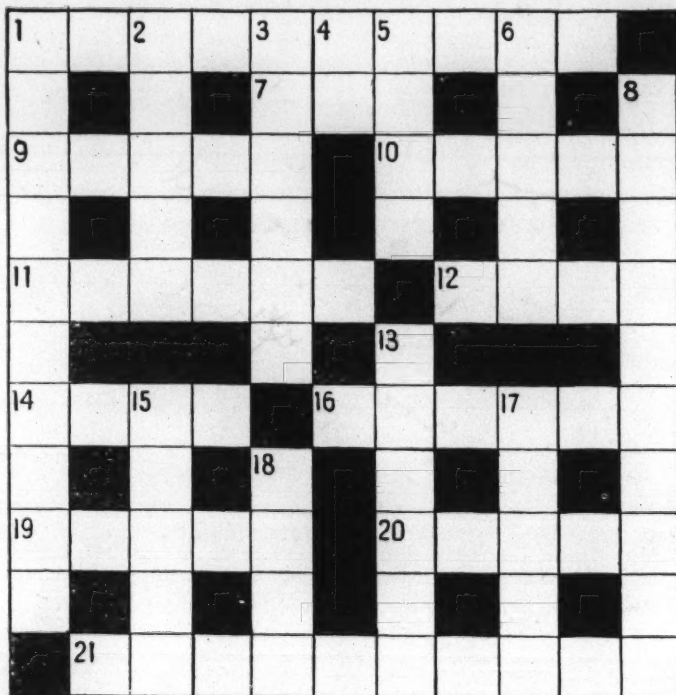
EXIT



FILM CROSSWORD No. 3

SOLUTION NEXT ISSUE

(The solution to Film Crossword No. 2 is on page 15)



Clues Across

- 1 America exiled, top ranking star of Britain (5, 5).
- 7 Kate Plus this in a Jack Hulbert film (3).
- 9 Unusual named soft-spoken star (5).
- 10 The tone of Jimmy Durante (5).
- 11 John and Daphne (6).
- 12 First name of singing star of "Copacabana" (4).
- 14 Oran becomes Miss Prentiss (4).
- 16 Screen writer brother of Sir Alexander (6).
- 19 Fred MacMurray played this Captain (5).
- 20 First name of screen Mrs. Squeers (5).
- 21 Our film about our town (6, 4).

Clues Down

- 1 Early success of 13 down (6).
- 2 Hollywood is the film stars' (5).
- 3 What happened to the life of Bette Davis—and Bergner! (6).
- 4 "Meet—At Dawn" (2).
- 5 First name of Mrs. Hodiak (4).
- 6 He's Hollywood's problem child! (5).
- 8 London Ally becomes a well-known screen actor! (5, 5).
- 13 Singing star of 1 down (6).
- 15 There's often one in a Roy Rogers' film (5).
- 17 Hysterical leading stars are this to experienced directors (5).
- 18 Kay Walsh's husband and leading director (4).

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CECIL B. DeMILLE



THE SHOWMAN SUPREME

by Guy L. Pearson



BORN at Ashfield, Mass, on August 12, 1881, Cecil B. deMille surprised his mother by being ahead of time for the event. He has been surprising people ever since (including himself), his eventful career having been studded with breaks from the traditional order of things. Always one jump ahead in the film game, he is today, after thirty-five years of producing and directing, one of the dominant figures in the industry. When I think of deMille I think of one word . . . spectacle. He is the man who really made that word mean something in the film business.

"SPECTACLE" AND THE BOX-OFFICE

Take a look at just a few of the imposing list of nearly seventy pictures that deMille can claim to his credit. *The Squaw Man* was the first feature-length picture ever produced in the States. *The Ten Commandments* and *Reap the Wild Wind* were two of the biggest money-spinners to come from Paramount, while *King of Kings* is reputed to have been seen by more people than any other motion picture. *The Sign of the Cross*, originally made in 1932 and reissued with a modern prologue in 1944, is another from the deMille list that defies parallel today. Readily it will be seen that here was spectacle in the cinema from the hands of a showman supreme.

HIS ATTITUDE TO RELIGION

DeMille came from one of the oldest American families. His grandfather was Governor William Blount of Tennessee (here is the origination of deMille's rarely used middle name). His father, Henry deMille, was a playwright and a teacher at Columbia University. His mother, an English-

woman, had also been a teacher . . . at the Lockwood Academy, Brooklyn. DeMille's attitude to religion can be traced to his parentage, for his father had attended the General Theological Seminary at Columbia and he was also a lay reader at Christ's Church, Pomton, New Jersey. The determination of deMille, later in his career, to present the taboo subject of religion in several major films was obviously fostered by the background of his youth. When deMille's father died, his mother turned her Pomton home into a memorial school and with the income from this source deMille was sent to Pennsylvania Military College.

EARLY DAYS IN THE THEATRE

The first indication of the real deMille character was revealed when he left home and attempted to join the Army during the Spanish-American war. Here fate took a hand . . . he was refused on account of his age and his first inclination towards the theatre showed itself . . . he commenced his studies at the American Academy of Dramatic Art. He made his debut at the old Garden Theatre in New York. It was while deMille was on tour that he married Constance Adams, who was another member of the cast. This was on August 12, 1902. For some time deMille continued his career as an actor in a wide variety of parts, and always with his eye on the production side of the business.

A MOMENTOUS MEETING

Meanwhile, the deMille Play Company that had been started some time before by his mother had been steadily growing. Cecil's brother William was now a successful playwright, with a number of hits

- CECIL B. DeMILLE (continued) -

to his credit, and Cecil collaborated with him on *The Royal Mounted* in addition to writing *The Stampede* on his own account. During those years the movies were still struggling to gain public interest, but meeting with little success in the attempt. One day in 1912 a meeting was arranged between three men for whom fame in the cinema world was ultimately destined. They were deMille, Jesse Lasky (then a not-very-successful theatrical producer) and Sam Goldwyn (a glove salesman). That meeting resulted in the formation of the Jesse L. Lasky Feature Play Company, which was to produce the first of deMille's pictures, *The Squaw Man*. That film was made by deMille in a barn in Hollywood for the sum of 15,000 dollars, and it earned nearly twenty times that figure. The success of that venture put the Lasky Play Company on its feet, and from that humble origin Paramount, as we know it today, was born.

ON THINGS TECHNICAL

All the time deMille was working he was thinking of improvements for the technical advancement of the industry. The ideas behind many of the techniques, later adopted as general practice, came from him. The camera boom, special effect lighting, and the camera "blimp" were among the developments for which he was primarily responsible.

THE "BATHTUB" ERA

In 1918 the Lasky Play Company merged with Adolph Zukor's Famous Players Corporation, and with the end of World War I deMille embarked on a series of pictures designed to put glamour and spectacle on the screen in a big way. From the products of this era in the career of deMille grew the legends of "The Bathtub King," "The Fabulous deMille" and "The Luxury Man." In actual fact it meant that deMille had the inborn instincts of the true showman. He knew what the public wanted and he also knew how to give it to them. Post-war apathy and depression were countered on the screen by spectacle and lavishness and the box-offices provided ample justification for deMille's decisions.

RELIGIOUS SUBJECTS FOR THE CINEMA

In 1923 deMille's most ambitious production was presented in the shape of *The Ten Commandments*. Using a religious subject, long avoided for film treatments, this film provided screen spectacle on a plane never before attempted. Once again deMille was successful in his gamble. A year later deMille parted from the company he had helped to form and organised the deMille Picture Corporation.

Three years later, in 1927, he turned to religion again for his subject and produced *King of Kings*, generally recognised as an all-time classic of the cinema. Today, after a lapse of twenty years, that film is still being shown throughout the world.

FIRST "TALKIE"

In 1928 deMille went to M.-G.-M., for whom he produced his first talking picture, *Dynamite*, and it was at this stage, in collaboration with Douglas Shearer (M.-G.-M. sound chief), that the camera "blimp" was instituted. After a successful four-year spell of production, deMille returned to Paramount in 1932 to make *The Sign of the Cross*.

AT CLOSE RANGE

Today, at sixty-six years of age, deMille stands one of the most honoured and respected figures in the film world. For three years he was president of the Association of Motion Picture Producers, and he has been president of the Motion Picture Relief Funds and has served on the board of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences. He lives in Laughlin Park, Los Angeles, in two houses connected by a glass corridor. This does not represent that touch of the sensational that seems to invade the private lives of so many of the film folk. It happened that Chaplin owned one of the houses, and when he moved out deMille bought it and connected it with his own. The street in which the houses stand bears his name . . . deMille Drive.

After an absence of three years deMille has returned to the business with *Unconquered*, which has not been shown here. Produced in typical deMille fashion, it offers action and splendour in Technicolor. No expense was spared to ensure technical authenticity down to the smallest detail, and scale models of places of historic interest that figure in the picture were constructed to ensure accuracy of setting. The picture was to have had its London premiere this winter and it was expected that deMille and Gary Cooper (who stars in the film) would come over for the presentation. These plans have been cancelled by the American decision to send us no further pictures while our 75 per cent. tax remains. It remains therefore a matter for extreme conjecture whether we shall see deMille, Cooper, or the film. For my part I hope that circumstances will permit us to give them all a welcome. The moving picture is fast becoming an accepted art and as such is international. Only competition, not a closed shop, will continue to produce for the industry men of the calibre of Cecil Blount deMille.



JEAN KENT has written for "Film Monthly Review" this intelligent attack on the number of recent British films about men.

Shortly to be presented is "Bond Street," a new Associated British-Anatole de Grunwald film. Jean plays the part of "Ricki Merritt," a photographic model, who earns a precarious living, yearning for the luxury which her drab life denies her.

Jean Kent gives a dramatic performance which will doubtless prove the most outstanding in her career to date. "Ricki Merritt" is a character role which gives full scope to Jean's emotional abilities, and the assured success of "Bond Street" will, with little doubt, prove the point she has made in the following article.



YES! We have produced some good pictures in Britain recently—some very good pictures. But I believe that the majority of regular picturegoers would still prefer to see an American film. Why? My reason is that too many of our recent pictures are written around men. Remember: *Odd Man Out*, *They Made Me a Fugitive*, *Mine Own Executioner*, all with a plot that centred around a man. There are the exceptions, *Black Narcissus*, and perhaps *It Always Rains on Sundays*, but even in this later film the escaped convict is the pivot of the story.

In America they do write pictures for women. Thus mention of the American screen tends to conjure up the film portrayals of Bette Davis, Ingrid Bergman, Greer Garson, and so many others.

Who are the regular picturegoers? For whom does the cinema chiefly cater? A man seldom goes to the cinema by himself, but many a young girl or young wife will so spend a free afternoon. Then comes Saturday evening; the fellow asks, "Where would you like to go, dear?" And so she tells him which of the pictures at the local cinemas are her choice for the week. If it is for the woman then that the screen mainly caters, why do we make so many pictures about men? Is it because our screen writers imagine that every girl wishes to gaze at specimens of manhood every time she attends the cinema? If this is their supposition, I am sure they are wrong.

The majority of my own film-fans are girls. I believe that young women, and middle-aged ones too, wish to see some of their own sex, smartly dressed; someone they would like to be, and perhaps even try to be like.

I have given this lack of "films for women about women" as the reason for the apparent preference of the American product. Perhaps you will say that the British screen is a descendant of the British theatre, with its wonderful achievements and traditions. But what names does the stage bring to mind? Sir Henry Irving. Yes! But equally and more frequently Sarah Bernhardt, Eleanora Duse, Sybil Thorne-dike, Edith Evans, and dozens of others.

It may well be that our scriptwriters are unable to write for women. But whatever the reason, I am sure that the real road to success for the British picture lies in the 50-50 balance of film stories about the male and female of the species.

BOOK GUIDE

READING, FILM AND RADIO TASTES OF HIGH SCHOOL BOYS AND GIRLS. By W. J. Scott (Oxford University Press, 10s.).

This report does more than give a full survey of the books read, the films seen, and the radio programmes listened to by four thousand high school boys and girls in 1942. The author discusses the social and educational implications of the material, sets out the standards of judgment he uses as a basis of criticism of contemporary popular culture, and shows the relation of the information he has gathered to the teaching of English in schools.

The section on cinema analyses the popularity of certain types of films. Films based on classical works

are also analysed, and are found to be lacking in depth, and miss the completeness of the relevant novel.

ANATOMY OF THE FILM. By H. H. Wollenberg (Marsland Publications, 10s. 6d.).

The purpose of this publication is to be a guide to those seriously interested in the phenomenon of the cinema, in its artistic and social aspects, its origins, its production methods and its economy. It presents to the reader a wealth of relevant and instructive information. There are 101 interesting and unusual illustrations.

MAN WITH AN UNUSUAL CONTRACT

LUTHER DAVIS, who began his screen career right at the top as sole author of the screen play for *The Hucksters*, has one of the most unusual contracts in the movie colony.

This 31-year-old author, a young man who knows what he wants, wouldn't sign until he was assured he would be allowed to spend six months of every year in New York.

"I had heard about writers coming West and getting Hollywood fever, which I suppose meant loss of perspective," he says, "and I wanted to make certain that didn't happen to me."

Under terms of his Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer contract, Davis toils six months in the company's Hollywood studios. Then he heads for New York and devotes six months to writing a play. "Or just loafing if I choose," he points out.

Five minutes with the dark-haired, slim young writer is enough to convince even the most sceptical person that he wouldn't know how to loaf even if he had to. Intense, serious-minded, he is a dynamo of energy, the kind of fellow who always seems to be doing two things at once.

He turned out the finished script of *The Hucksters* in less than six weeks, though he had never before written a line for the screen. It was a piece of work which Director Jack Conway, Producer Arthur Hornblow and star Clark Gable pronounced "final and complete," the first time they read it. This in itself is almost unheard of in Hollywood, where scripts are written to be re-written.

Although he is new to Hollywood and despite his extreme youth, Davis is one of New York's better-known writers. As an undergraduate at Yale University in 1938, he contributed a sketch to the Broadway musical show, *Who's Who*.

Within a year after his graduation from college he had had stories published in various magazines. In one year he sold a total of twenty-four stories and articles to Collier's—more than any one writer, on or off the staff, had ever contributed to that important United States weekly. Most of his articles were profiles of theatrical figures such as Danny Kaye, Gracie Fields, etc.

In 1942, RKO-Radio purchased one of his short stories and made it into a movie called *The Mayor of 44th Street*.

During the war, in which he served as an officer in the United States Army Air Forces, he spent four years in China, India, Burma and in France. He came out a Major.

While in the C.B.I. theatre, Davis spent his spare time writing a play called *They Voted Yes*. When he showed it to Jed Harris, that celebrated theatrical producer declared it "the best new play in ten years." It led to his being assigned the job of writing a play from Frederic Wakeman's first novel, *Shore Leave*. The play was called *Kiss Them For Me*. It ran for 116 performances, which meant it wasn't a sensational success, but it brought Davis to the attention of the Hollywood studios.

Before signing with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Davis found time to write three one-act radio playlets for Helen Hayes, and also made a radio adaptation of *The Front Page*.

Once in Hollywood, the new screen writer spent several weeks studying scenario technique.

"I used to take a script into the projection room with me and run about ten minutes of a picture. Then I'd turn the lights up and study that script to see just how it had been translated to the screen," he says.

It just so happened that Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer needed a script for *The Hucksters* at the time Davis reached the studio. Davis, because of his extensive background and his youthful approach to present-day problems, seemed the logical choice for the job.

"I hadn't even read the book when I was assigned to the script," Davis recalls. "Fortunately, Edward Chodorov and George Wells had made a swell adaptation, and one that made my job relatively simple."

Since *The Hucksters*, Davis has completed the adaptation and the screen play of J. P. Marquand's *B.F.'s Daughter*. He has also found time to complete a play, *The Day the Shoelace Broke*, for presentation on Broadway this winter.

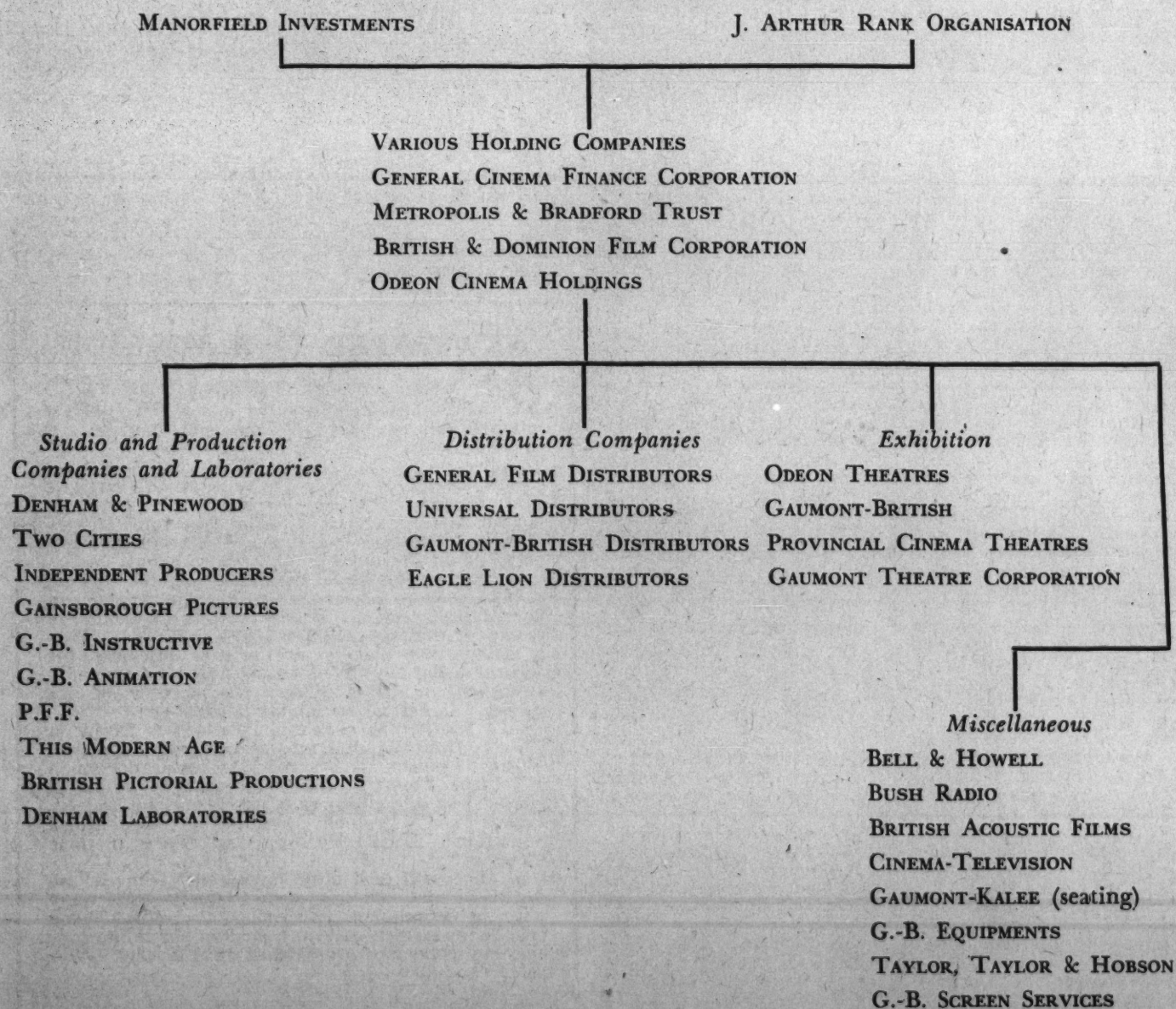
THE J. ARTHUR RANK SET-UP

ON December 19, 1947, Odeon Theatres Ltd. acquired a controlling interest in the General Cinema Finance Corporation. It is as yet too early to say to what extent they have or will obtain controlling interests in the latter's subsidiaries. But meantime FILM MONTHLY REVIEW presents for the interest of its readers a General Plan of the J. Arthur Rank Organisation set-up prior to the Odeon acquisition. At the meeting at the Dorchester Hotel, London, where Mr. Rank presented his proposal, he said:

"Almost since my earliest active connection with the industry, I have been the subject of criticism. I do not mind that, in fact, I welcome it, because it makes you pause and consider all the aspects of a problem, but the problem we have met here today to discuss and for which in some quarters I have been severely criticised, is one that not only affects you (Odeon shareholders), but, as I have already said, the British film industry as a whole, and all the people for whom we provide entertainment. . . ."

FILM MONTHLY REVIEW does not attempt to comment yet, Mr. Rank, but we are very interested.

GENERAL ORGANISATION



STANLEY ITKIN

reviews some of the films of the month

I HAVE deep and sincere respect for anyone concerned in bringing to the screen a film, which, by virtue of its subject, idealism or presentation, is unusual, constructive, controversial, stimulating or inspiring.

As far as the contemporary cinema is concerned, I cannot but feel a little depressed at the miserably unenterprising series of productions which are being promised and presented at the present time. The British film industry, which I have been supporting with all the energy of a man possessed with passionate reforming zeal, has crushed me along the wayside with some of the most shocking artistic, commercial and entertainment failures that I have ever seen. It took Bernard Shaw some fifty years to see his political idealism fail in practice . . . I have been disillusioned in fifty days, and my task of seeing the energetic, progressive young industry wither and fade week by week has not been a happy one.

See how unusual it is, dear reader, for me to say of the three major films currently released, that two of them, produced by Hollywood, are excellent, and the other, produced by our own, previously encouraging industry, is mediocre, conventional and dull. Either our producers and writers must wake up . . . or else let them give up—before the whole business is discredited before the eyes of British and foreign audiences.

For these reasons, "Crossfire" deserves the popularity which it will probably achieve in this country, not only for its enterprising subject, but also for its brilliant characterisation and skilful direction.

In a complicated, yet exciting plot, a Jew becomes murdered, not because the murderer disliked him, not because he had an attractive girl-friend, not for any reason at all—except that he was a Jew, thrust into the world by Jewish parents who ought to have known better than to bring a baby into the world and expect that it could breathe and sleep and eat like other men—without fear of the idiotic, maniacal persecution which consigned more than 6,000,000 innocent souls to fantastic torture, gas chambers and incinerators.

Robert Young as the detective, Robert Mitchum as the friend of a soldier who is accused of the murder which Robert Ryan, a typically moronic, sadistic fellow-soldier committed . . . all these are real characters . . . and a host of other good actors including Sam Levene as the eternal scapegoat, the Jew—the whole cast is excellent.

The film suffers from the intricacies of the story. It is occasionally difficult to work out who is who, what he is doing there, where he is going and where he has come from. There is continual excitement, however, and the direction is slick in the true Hollywood tradition. Edward Dmytryk, the director, Dore Schary, the producer, and RKO Radio, the distributors, are all to be warmly congratulated on their brave estimation of audience intelligence.

"Road to Rio" is one of the happiest films I have seen for a long time. For exactly ninety minutes the film critics of England tittered, chuckled, chortled, laughed and roared at the casual quips of Bob Hope and Bing Crosby. Ninety minutes of laughter is quite an achievement if you know our cynical and hardened critics as well as I do; in fact, it is a feat of wonder and amazement.

As a film, there is little to say in praise for this affair, but as entertainment (and I am one who believes that this matters most of all), there is little but praise that can be offered.

The story is confused and crazy, the direction seems to be absent, the music is undistinguished, the characterisation is non-existent, but the humour is magnificent . . . almost unsurpassed.

For these reasons it is difficult to say much about this latest Hope-Crosby film except that it should not be missed by those who enjoy an inoffensive bout of laughter by two very skilful comedians, assisted in song by their old companion, Dorothy Lamour, and the Andrews Sisters.

I must insist, however, that the only function of the commercial cinema is entertainment, and that the lack of technical artistry in a film does not condemn it so much as the lack of entertainment in an artistic production.

Something about "The Mark of Cain" continually reminded me of "Moss Rose," which came from the pen of the same author, Joseph Shearing (Margerie Bowen). They were alike in many details—the thrills were similar, the costumes seemed, to my masculine eye, identical, and the slow, careful plodding through a novelettish plot . . . all of which was hardly worth the trouble.

This production as a whole is no credit to the British film industry. Nothing for which we have been rightly praised—realism, slick direction, fine acting, smooth dialogue—none of these is here. The acting, apart from the assured histrionics of Eric Portman, is shocking, in so far as no intelligent person could ever believe that these characters could exist in real life. I blame this on the scriptwriter, who gives the characters such banal things to say, and on the director, who should have been able to bring out more convincing personalities from the actors concerned.

Still, if you fancy a thriller based on a woman's struggle against a wrongly placed murder charge, this film may possibly satisfy you, especially if you like long, dramatic court scenes at the end.

Still, it is a costume film, and few people will become bored if they enjoy looking at the beautiful clothes of Sally Gray.

The music by Bernard Newman is extremely good, and is played by the London Symphony Orchestra, under Muir Mathieson, with warm understanding of the dramatic mood required in each sequence . . . a clever musical score can add enormously to the tension of a film, and deserves careful study as an important facet of film artistry.

NEWSPAPER IN A MILLION

ONE of our largest provincial newspaper offices has just produced a newspaper which millions will read but which no one can buy—and they printed only one copy of one issue.


Collectors of beer bottle labels and matchbox covers would probably value this unique copy of the "Wednesford Argus" above rubies, but it is not for sale. It appeared in the Associated British picture, "My Brother Jonathan," and was specially prepared in the office of the "Birmingham Mail."

Remember when newspapers on the screen always used to blazon the raid on a club or an unexplained suicide across its front page in streamer headings?

Today, film makers are greater sticklers for accuracy, and the "Wednesford Argus," supposedly published in 1918, follows the pattern of the period. It has no screaming headlines.

In "My Brother Jonathan," which is based on Francis Brett Young's famous best-seller, the star, Michael Denison, is a struggling young doctor in the Black Country who is accused of unethical conduct, so the newspaper proclaims the fact in modest single column headings: "Wednesford Sensation: Local Doctor May Face Serious Charges."

Millions will read it on the screen. But did we say there was only one copy? Our mistake, there were, in actual fact, two copies, the second being held in reserve in case any mishap befell the first one, but collectors are warned that neither is for sale.



forthcoming film supplement

Anna Karenina

(from the novel by
LEO TOLSTOY)

"Film Monthly Review"

presents

An Illustrated Preview
of
London Film Productions'

Anna Karenina

starring

**Vivien Leigh and
Sir Ralph Richardson**

with

Kieron Moore

★

Produced by - - Sir Alexander Korda

Directed by - - - - Julien Duvivier



Anna Karenina arrives at Moscow station with her travelling companion, Countess Vronsky. "Your brother is here, madam, excuse my not recognising you," says the handsome Captain of the Guards, son of the countess, to Anna as he meets her for the first time.



Stephen Oblonsky, Anna's brother, is at the station to welcome her. The crowd chat upon the platform. The platelayer tests the lines—a moment later he is crushed to death by the engine. Anna does not forget this horrible incident.



The stay in Moscow is of short duration. She warms towards the attractive young officer, Vronsky. And because of this, decides she must return to St. Petersburg. Alexei follows. At a military steeplechase Anna's husband discovers the love-affair when Anna reveals her anxiety as Alexei falls from his horse.

THE scene is Moscow and the period 1875.

In a train speeding from St. Petersburg to Moscow sit Anna Karenina and Countess Vronsky. Anna is the wife of Alexei Karenin, a prominent member of the Ministry in Russia: she has one son, Sergei, aged eight, to whom she is passionately devoted. Countess Vronsky and Anna—as mothers do—spend their journey discussing their children, and when the Countess shows Anna a photograph of her son, she is surprised to find that he is a handsome young man of twenty-five in the uniform of a Captain of the Guards. When they reach Moscow, the Countess is met by her son, Alexei Vronsky, who is immediately enthralled by Anna's beauty. Anna is met by her brother, Stepan Oblonsky, with whom she is going to stay.

While the four stand chatting on the platform, a platelayer is crushed to death beneath the wheels of the express, and the horrible accident leaves a lasting effect on the sensitive Anna—an effect which is to play a vital part in determining her fate.

In the Oblonsky home all is confusion. Dolly, Stepan's wife, is locked in her bedroom, and all over the house are signs of packing. Kitty, Dolly's sister, and a governess are strapping up the luggage and trying to keep Stepan's five children quiet. Dolly tells Anna that she can stand Stepan's infidelities no longer and that she is leaving him. Anna, who has had some experience of her brother's matrimonial troubles before, persuades Dolly to forgive him and tells her that Stepan really loves only her. Eventually Dolly is persuaded, and amidst rejoicings the trunks are unpacked and the children put to bed.

The following evening Stepan, Dolly, Anna and Kitty are ready to go to a big ball and Anna is told that Kitty is in love with Vronsky, whom she expects to marry. At the ball Vronsky pays little attention to Kitty, but pays ardent court to the lovely Anna. Anna reluctantly warms towards the attractive young officer and soon, to the scandal of the guests, they are dancing constantly together. Kitty, heartbroken, goes home early.

The next day Anna decides to go back to St. Petersburg, because she realises that if she stays she will spoil the romance between Kitty and Vronsky. She goes, but Vronsky, who is by now madly infatuated with her, follows, and although Anna repulses him when he speaks of his love, it is obvious that she too has been caught in a net of love far stronger than herself. Alexei Karenin meets Anna at St. Petersburg, and when Vronsky forces himself on him reluctantly agrees that he may call at their home.

As time passes Anna becomes more unhappy at home, where Karenin is preoccupied with his politics and has no time for his wife and son. Vronsky and

Anna Karenina

Anna meet at different functions in St. Petersburg, and their indiscreet behaviour is talked about all over the town. Karenin discovers that Anna no longer loves him, and eventually Anna and Vronsky become lovers. After a military steeplechase meeting, where Vronsky falls from his horse, and Anna betrays her anxiety to her friends, Karenin taxes her with being in love with Vronsky and she admits it. After a bitter quarrel Karenin decides to divorce Anna and threatens to take the child from her. She tells Vronsky that Karenin has offered her the alternative of parting from her son or else living on with him, which means that to protect the name of Karenin she must give up her lover. She is to bear Vronsky's child, and he decides that he must resign his commission so that he can go away with her.

Anna's child is premature and stillborn, and when she thinks she is dying she turns to Karenin again for comfort. Vronsky, believing that his love no longer needs him, tries unsuccessfully to kill himself.

As soon as Anna recovers her strength Karenin's cold, preoccupied manner drives her back to thoughts of Vronsky, and when even her child seems to be growing away from her she leaves the house and runs away to Venice with Vronsky. Here for some time they are blissfully happy. Gradually, however, Anna's longing for her son grows, while Vronsky, though he fights against it, misses his brother officers and his career in the army. They decide to go back to Moscow, where Anna has another attempt at making Karenin divorce her so that she can marry Vronsky. Karenin, however, remains adamant and will not even allow Anna to see her son. The lovers, though still devotedly in love, find that life in Moscow is difficult. Anna is not received by any of her former acquaintances; she is shunned in society. Anna visits her son in secret, but finds that Karenin has told him that she is dead. Karenin turns her out of the house and again refuses to set her free.

Anna does not tell Vronsky that she has tried once more to get a divorce from Karenin. He discovers this from Stepan, and is angry with Anna for hiding it from him. They quarrel, and Anna accuses her lover of being tired of her. They part, and later Anna receives a note telling her that Vronsky has had to go to his mother in St. Petersburg for two days. She is convinced that he is leaving her and decides to follow him. On the journey Anna reviews her life, first with Karenin and then with Vronsky, and decides that all hope of happiness is lost to her. When the train stops on the journey she gets out on the platform and walks along the line. The memory of the accident she had seen when she first met Vronsky haunts her and, as the train starts, she throws herself under the wheels. The tragic love story of Anna and Vronsky is at an end.



Anna nearly dies at the stillborn birth of Vronsky's child. She turns to her husband again for comfort. "All I need is your forgiveness, then I can go in peace." But when she recovers her strength her husband's cold manner again drives her back to her lover.



"Am I dreaming I can see you?" Sergei, Anna's son, who has been told by his father, Karenin, that his mother is dead, thinks he is dreaming when she comes in secret to see him. Anna and Vronsky are living in Moscow. Anna again unsuccessfully asks Karenin to divorce her.



A quarrel starts between Anna and her lover. He is angry at her hiding her further attempt to get a divorce. When he leaves a note to say he is going to visit his mother, Anna believes he is leaving her. She starts for St. Petersburg, unhappy and dejected, with memories of the platelayer's death. She never reaches St. Petersburg.

Studio Hairdressing

as explained to JULIEN VROOME

by Miss NINA BROE



For her part in Gainsborough's "Snowbound," Catherine Ferraz had to have her hair permanently waved in this state of disorder.



Miss Nina Broe's hairstyle for Greta Gynt in Gainsborough's picture, "Easy Money." It is based on the Veronica Lake "Flop."



A very different style for Greta Gynt was used for "The Calender," another Gainsborough picture, directed by Arthur Crabtree.

A STAR at home—beautifully waved hair, cascading across a silken negligee—is this not how we picture them? How we are led to believe they nightly go to bed?

It was at Gainsborough Studios that I learned the truth of the matter, that my carefully fostered illusions were shattered, for among the people I met and talked to was Miss Nina Broe, hairdresser, hairstylist and hair magician. I wanted to learn about hairdressing in the studios and came away bewildered at the amount of work involved.

When a film is planned, the hairdresser consults the dress designer to find out what clothes are to be worn. From the dress designs and remembering the shape of the actress's face, the angles the camera requires in the shooting script, and the lighting plot, a hairstyle is evolved. Miss Broe says that this often means a lengthy discussion in necklines, a slight adjustment here, a minor alteration there, until both neckline and hairstyle are completed to a state of compromise. The hairdresser amends her style to suit the dress, and the dress designer tries to conform to the hairstylist's wishes.

Once the style has been approved, the actress has to have her hair made up every day in the same way for the duration of the film. Very often this necessitates quite a number of "permanent waves." If the style is unusual, or a lot of work is required every morning before the artiste is ready for the set, it is

usual for our actresses to help by keeping their hair in pins and curlers over night—so much for my illusions!

Modern styles, unless very exciting, are so ordinary that to studio hairdressers they are almost a matter of routine. Miss Broe tells me that the most interesting job of the lot is making up hair for period styles. This requires extensive research into contemporary pictures and portraits, "but," says Nina, "it is worth it, for you see your creation building up under your fingers and what a thrill it is to create a really lovely coiffure." All the wigmaker's artifice goes into these period styles, false curls, extra hair for padding, high lights in gold tints, even false partings, but who could imagine anything was not really natural when the results are seen on the screen.

For *Easy Money* Miss Broe evolved a new style, for smart Greta Gynt. Based on the Veronica Lake "Flop," it is parted on the left side of the head and the hair loosely worn and brushed back over the ears so that it sways her head and tumbles forward in caressing waves as she bends. This style is likely to be very popular this summer. It is cool, requires no pins, combs, clips or ribbons, and gives a soft halo effect that will improve any facial contour.

I left Nina Broe busily making a wig, one of many which are re-blocked, re-pinned and reset every evening and combed out ready for use each morning. As a man, I am thankful that all I have to ask for is "short back and sides."

Screen Story Middlemen

by Frances Howell

SOME of the first people to receive a blow from the film axe are the film readers. Film readers are very largely young writers who, in a paperless age, use the rich film companies as a door-chain to keep the wolf outside. Now, quite obviously, the wolf will come inside and settle down in the best armchair until such time as it is removed to the sale-room.

But what is a film reader? Very few people know. Employment Exchanges have seldom heard of them, nor have Income Tax officials. A film reader, then, is a man or woman who reads books for the film companies. When you explain this to friends, a gleam comes into the eye about here, and they murmur, "Ah, a critic." No, not a critic. The reader is a sort of middleman between the unsuspecting author and the film companies. He is in search of stories suitable for filming. Here the gleam becomes more marked. "Money for old rope!" it seems to say. That's what they think.

Before the war, all the large American film companies maintained story departments in London, Paris and Berlin, and correspondents in most other European capitals. A London office would employ about forty readers, some of whom possessed languages. When war came the foreign languages were naturally at a discount, so those readers possessing them disappeared in a body into the Ministry of Information, the B.B.C., and the Censorship, never to be seen again. As the literary material dwindled, most of the readers picked their several ways into armed and unarmed combat, and the story departments were reduced to skeletons.

But the species reader is not entirely extinct. Although our present Government has, as in other cases, done more towards exterminating them than was achieved by the rocket, the flying bomb or the bomb *ordinaire*, a few American story departments are tottering on after receiving drastic financial and staff cuts. In them everything that is published in this country is read, but *everything*. A great deal which is not published is also read. But in order to shield themselves from those optimists who believe that film companies are Aladdin's caves, to be plundered by writers who cannot gain an entry elsewhere, story departments do not as a rule handle anything which has not been submitted by an agent or publisher or been obtained through their own library subscription.

People whose eyes gleam and who talk about money for old rope when they hear about film reading, forget about the synopsis. There is a lot of money to be had in all departments of the film industry, but not for old rope. Hard work draws hard cash, that is all, and writing synopses is hard work. A synopsis varies in length according to the

filmic value of the material being covered, but it may be anything up to fifty typewritten pages. Add to this the facts that most companies demand six copies of each synopsis, that a good reader will deal with five or more books a week, and that all the work is done at fairly high pressure, if not at top speed, it will be seen that the job is no sinecure.

The competition between companies is intense but fairly gentlemanly. It is considered a feather in the cap of a story editor to get the MS. of a new book by a best-selling novelist. Play scripts, particularly, come into story departments through the most devious and unlikely routes, often causing the reader to sit up most of the night so that the script shall be returned before ten o'clock the next morning.

Not infrequently the well-known playwright will refuse to treat with film companies until his play has appeared in London, and possibly even until after it has appeared on Broadway. So why all the hurry? Why, indeed. The Americans seem to think it very important, and their British employees accept it as part of the game. Why worry, if they like it that way?

The reader has one other function besides that of a mincing machine. He has to give an opinion of the film value of each book or play he covers. To do this he has to bear in mind the technical difficulties of filming the story, the various locations it would require, the casting and, last but by no means least, the quaint conventions of the Johnston office. If a reader slips up and pans a book which subsequently turns out a success, then his reading career is apt to be short and not over-sweet. If he works steadily on, making no outrageous errors, no one pays the slightest attention to him. Books are handed to him, synopses are taken from him. It is rather like working in the service of some deity. One hopes that one's efforts are appreciated, but one can never be quite sure. If the stories a reader recommends are bought, he is not necessarily told. It is possible to work successfully for a company for eight years and never have a story bought.

Then what is the point of reading all those books? Well, you never know, do you? Once a company begins to be selective, it might miss just the thing it wanted, that is if it knows what it wants. And anyway, there's always another book to take the place of the one that is missed. But you can't bring reason to bear on the film industry. It just doesn't work that way. To try is to endanger the livelihood of a great many people, people whose lives are full of interest and change and a sort of workmanlike gaiety, with a curious undertone of excitement. Everyone knows that it is ballyhoo, but it is the most harmless type of ballyhoo. It is just another bit of colour being taxed out of existence.

NEWS FROM THE STUDIOS

FRANCIS L. SULLIVAN, the British actor who scored as the lawyer in *Great Expectations*, has signed a long-term contract with Sierra Pictures. His first assignment in Hollywood is the Ingrid Bergman starring film *Joan*, now being produced in Technicolor by Walter Wanger, with Victor Fleming directing, for RKO Radio release.

Sullivan has the role of "Cauchon," Bishop of Beauvais, and chief prosecutor at the trial of Joan of Arc. He is expected to remain in Hollywood until May, when he will return to Britain for a film commitment in this country.

THE Hollywood Foreign Correspondents' Association, representing newspapers all over the world, has presented a plaque to Harry M. Warner, president of Warner Bros., for "outstanding humanitarian contributions." In particular, the Association commended his services as national chairman of the Friendship Food Train Committee, responsible for organising the journey of the trans-continental train which has collected food for Europe.

HIGHLY gratified with the results of their initial film-making collaboration in the Universal International production of *Vengeance* (formerly *Mortal Coils*), Zoltan Korda and Aldous Huxley are planning to bring to the screen another Huxley classic, *Point Counter Point*. Film will be produced either in Britain or Hollywood, with Huxley preparing the screenplay and Korda directing.

FOR his film subjects, Gainsborough's production chief, Sydney Box, tells how he is turning more frequently to real life—subjects dealing with live people and everyday happenings. Going more often

to the newspaper headlines for his story material, his film scoop, *Broken Journey*, an Alpine drama based on the American Army Dakota crash of November, 1946, is but one example of this headline-to-screen conversion.

In *Trek*, now on location, Gainsborough are again exploiting the news in filming this saga of the Cairo-to-Cape Overlanders.

NOW in production at Denham Studios, *High Pavement* gives the greatest opportunity yet to four young Rank contract artistes who are playing their first starring roles. They are Dermot Walsh, Sally Ann Howes, Hazel Court and Patrick Holt. Also starring, and adding a touch of long-standing experience, are Barbara Mullen and Martita Hunt. Harold Huth, himself a former film star, directs this Corfield-Huth production.

SIDNEY BERNSTEIN and the noted director, Alfred Hitchcock, will make a Technicolor film of Helen Simpson's novel, *Under Capricorn*, in England next spring, with Ingrid Bergman starring. This picture, one of a great programme evolved by Mr. Bernstein's company, Transatlantic Pictures Corporation, will be released throughout the United States as well as Britain by Warner Bros., and should play a part in our "Battle for Dollars."

MICHAEL BALCON'S second Australian picture, *Eureka Stockade*, has now gone into production, with Harry Watt directing.

First scenes were on location some miles out of Sydney. And it poured with rain! The worst rain-storm for 35 years delayed the earliest shots.

Chips Rafferty is starring, with a cast sent out from Britain which includes Jane Barrett, Gordon Jackson, Peter Illing and Jack Lambert.

FORMING A FILM SOCIETY by PAUL NUGAT

MUCH has already been written on the growing stature of British films, less on the coming of age of the film audience. The development of a serious approach to the cinematic art is nowhere better reflected than in the growth of Film Societies since the war.

When the war ended, 40 Film Societies were registered as members of the British Film Institute. Today, the membership of the Federation of English and Welsh Film Societies, an offshoot of the British Film Institute, is well over the hundred mark; and there are many smaller film clubs hiring films direct from the commercial film libraries. Those in the know agree that, but for the lack of suitable halls and the shortage of equipment, the growth would have been even more spectacular.

Most of the existing Film Societies have been formed exclusively for the purpose of studying every aspect of the film as art. This is achieved by selecting films of special merit, which have not been shown generally because their box-office appeal was reckoned to be small; by reviving the great films of the past; by the use of all kinds of films which illustrate the history and development of the cinema. Add to this lectures by film specialists, and discussions involving as many members as possible, and success is guaranteed.

Now there is no reason why a Film Society should not be part of your own club's life, irrespective of whether you belong to a social, art or youth club. I know many would-be enthusiasts are deterred by two

(Continued on page 16)

The Simple Tune

by HANS KELLER



Ex. 1.

READERS may remember that I suggested in my last article that film music should be discussed in terms of its ingredients. One group of these, i.e., the intentionally simple tunes, would seem to deserve an article on their own. Quite a number of Romanic (French and Italian) film composers have specialised in manufacturing this kind of ingredient. Take Alessandro Cicognini's recent score to *Shoe Shine*—music that shows marked French influences. The composer gives us a tasteful, gay tune which makes no highbrow pretensions whatever, and he uses it for an astounding variety of purposes, including even tragic ones! (I quote this particular version of the tune (Ex. 1) for no better reason than that it's the one I best remember).



Ex. 2.



Ex. 3.

It is, in fact, a special trick of Romanic composers to comment upon sad events with an originally gay tune: thereby they seem to suggest that what makes tragedy particularly tragic is the remembrance of happier days. Vincent Scotto (*La Femme du Boulanger*) sets to work in the same fashion in the renowned film, *The Well-Digger's Daughter*: he, too, uses a charmingly simple, folk-like, 8-bar tune which, to begin with, is humorous, but later, at the tragic juncture of the film (when daughter leaves father), a sadder edition of the theme is introduced. The score to *Shoe Shine*, however, uses in addition to such a joy-and-sorrow-rolled-into-one tune a tragic theme proper, one that doesn't look into the happy past, but rather into the unhappy future—again a simple, though nowise trite tune (Ex. 2).

But I'm afraid not all attempts at simplicity evade

banality so successfully as these examples. In his score to the famous French psychological film, *La Maternelle*, now revived, Edouard Flament attempts to produce a childlike tune, but lands us with a childish affair, of which I here give an extract (Ex. 3).



Ex. 4.

Repeatedly sounded by bells, and in C major, the "simple" key of our childhood days, this melody seems to address itself to children rather than to tell us anything about them. At the same time it is only fair to add that M. Flament's music is not so inoperative where it doesn't try to be so innocent.

Contrast this screen music about children with a piece of film music that does address itself to children and which is yet, while also simple, a work of art, i.e., the music to the educational film *Instruments of the Orchestra*, by Benjamin Britten, the composer of *Peter Grimes*. The excerpt I quote (Ex. 4) is the beginning of the Fugue. I suggest that this score is possibly the greatest piece of film music so far written.



Ex. 5.

Back to Italy. A lot of noise has justifiedly been made about *Vivere in Pace* (*To Live in Peace*), but Nino Rota's music isn't up to the film. It again laudably strives for simplicity, but only partly succeeds. That simpleton of a bassoon tune (Ex. 5), for instance, gets on your nerves by the second time you hear it.

In the recent British picture *It Always Rains on Sunday*, on the other hand, that distinguished French screen composer, Georges Auric (*Dead of Night*, *Cæsar and Cleopatra*, *La Symphonie Pastorale*, *Hue and Cry*, *La Belle et la Bête*), offers a simple and eminently suitable rain-motif, announced in the beautifully sad piece at the outset. And in the course of the film this motif is used and utilised with consummate skill.

CONCLUSION: There are great possibilities in the simple tune, but it isn't a simple task to write one.

STUDIO PERSONALITIES

No. 5. JOHN PADDY CARSTAIRS

TO be successful in one sphere is, usually, the height of man's ambition; to be successful in two is something rarely achieved. Yet John Paddy Carstairs has achieved such fame. Known to a great many people as a best-selling author, he is rapidly becoming even more widely known as a film director with some really fine work to his credit and with greater successes looming largely on the not-too-distant horizon.

Paddy is the son of Nelson Keys, the renowned artiste of British stage, and, not unnaturally, one would expect his son to follow in his footsteps. Yet Paddy has no urge to go on the stage. Educated at Repton, he wrote and directed his first film at the age of seventeen whilst still at school. On the strength of this he was offered a job in films and, much against his parents' wish, for they had planned to send him to University, he left school and went to work for Herbert Wilcox as second assistant cameraman—the very rock bottom of the industry. He progressed to the cutting rooms and then went to Hollywood, determined to get a job as a scriptwriter in one of the famous studios. He got a job all right—in the mail-room of Paramount, sorting, collecting and distributing the post! But all good things have small beginnings, and soon Paddy was actually employed in the studio's story department. Keen to learn and already decided to become a direc-

tor, he spent as much time as he could on the sets watching the established directors at work.

After a short spell in England with Basil Dean, still writing, he returned to Hollywood still in the same capacity. Meanwhile he was supplying the London Press with stories from the film capital, and getting them published, too.

Still keen on broadening his outlook, he decided to travel around the world, paying for his passage by stories and articles and at the same time storing up all the knowledge he could for future use. At Shanghai he was offered the post of technical adviser on modern methods at a Chinese studio (such is the power of the word "Hollywood"), but the temperature of 126 degrees in the shade certainly helped him to make up his mind against accepting it! Once back home in England he negotiated a six months' contract with David O. Selznick as a fully-fledged scriptwriter, and off to America he went for the third time, where he was installed in a huge, well-appointed office, totally unlike the poky little holes we have been accustomed to believing is the lot of the studio writers.

At the end of this six months he returned home and went to Pinewood, where he directed his first pictures—quickies made in twelve days. His first was *Holiday's End* and the second one of his own stories, *Incident in Shanghai*.

(Continued on page 16)

SNIPPETS FROM "THE DOCUMENTARY FILM NEWS"

WITH the start of 1948, "Documentary News Letter," reaching a wider readership and being firmly established as a magazine, becomes "DOCUMENTARY FILM NEWS," appearing monthly as of old.

On January 16 the British Film Institute is to hold a conference on the use of films in the Colonies, at the Royal Empire Society Hall. Mr. Creech Jones (Colonial Secretary) is to open the conference, and Mr. Adrian Crowley is to be in the chair.

An excellent article on films in Germany by Arthur Elton stresses the effect, for good or evil, that films can have on the population of that country. He cites *The Wicked Lady* as an example of the evil and states that the Germans cannot be blamed, after seeing this film, for believing us to be naturally sadistic, sexy and unscrupulous swash-bucklers. He points out that the distribution of British and American films is now in the hands of local commercial distributors. He gives an excellent

precis of the rebirth of the German film industry, its achievements up to date, and its future prospects, both for home consumption and export.

C.O.I. have issued a new film entitled *The World is Rich*, dealing with the world-wide food situation—a matter of moment to us all. It is perhaps the finest documentary to come from C.O.I.—controversial, yet presenting its facts impartially and clearly. No doubt we are all tired of facts and figures, and the never-ending stream of statistics. But this film presents them so well, pictorially, with a wealth of courageous and moving stories, that our interest is never lost for an instant. It deserves the widest possible theatrical distribution, for it is a documentary of the first magnitude. Unless audiences wake up to the fact that they are likely to miss films of this calibre, because of the present system of distribution, and demand that they be shown, these documentaries, unless made by the larger concerns, will never reach the public for whom they are intended.

A CHILDREN'S CORNER



WELL, we've really had a terrific Christmas in the cinema, especially in London. One cinema has had a season of three weeks devoted exclusively to children's films, not only those made in England but also many from abroad. The last British film in this programme is a new one called *The Secret Tunnel*. The whole of the Squirrel War was shown and you will be pleased to know that all these programmes, all these exciting and interesting films, shown during this three weeks' season at a London West End cinema, will soon be at your clubs (if they've not arrived there already).

The producers of *Just William's Luck* certainly did a clever thing. They arranged that, besides being shown in London, the film should be put on at various cinemas all over the country at the same time—instead of waiting for the London run to be finished, as is usual for new films. If you managed to see it over the holidays you were very lucky indeed, for people have been queueing up for hours. If you haven't seen it yet, do not miss it when it comes along—it is well worth seeing, is packed with good fun from beginning to end, and is full of really exciting adventure and comedy.

And now more about this new British film *The Secret Tunnel*, which will be shown at your club. The story is of two young boys who round up a gang of jewel thieves in a large country house. The film gets its title from the secret tunnel they find in the house, and for sheer excitement and thrills this film is very hard to beat. It was made by a company called the Merton Park Studios, and was actually filmed in a big house, entirely on its own, in huge grounds in the East of England. The boy actors had a really thrilling time, for the chase and escape

around the chimneys actually took place over the roof of this old house. A scene is shown above.

I have received a letter from a young man who sounds as if he is not very fond of the films that are made in England for us youngsters, and tells us to look at the excellent work that the Russians are turning out—he even suggests that it would be a much better thing for us all if we were to model the film industry in England on that in the U.S.S.R. I feel that the young man in question is trying to stir up a lot of political bilge, and I'm sure that we are not really interested who makes films or how they are made as long as we like them and they prove interesting. Anyway, on its way around the clubs is a Russian children's film, and I shall be very pleased indeed to learn what you think of it and how it compares, in your view, with British productions. Please write and let me know, won't you? I shall send 5s. present for the most interesting letter I receive by February 15th. But please state your age.

SOLUTION TO LAST MONTH'S FILM CROSSWORD

Clues Across.—1, Howard. 4, Drew. 8, Diary. 9, Nolan. 10, Min. 11, Demi. 12, Agate. 14, F.E. 15, Lon. 16, Or. 17, Rebel. 19, Eddy. 21, Ava. 23, Ellen. 24, Gunga. 25, Apse. 26, Letter.

Clues Down.—1, Hedy. 2, Whale. 3, Ray Milland. 5, Rilla. 6, Winter. 7, Anna Neagle. 11, Dee. 13, Toy. 14, Frieda. 18, Boles. 20, Donat. 22, Fair.

Forming A Film Society

(Continued from page 12)

major considerations. Small club membership and the expense involved in undertaking a film season. There seems to be only one way round the first difficulty: sound the feeling of other clubs in your district and form a joint committee. For, admittedly, expenses are high and, like everything else, getting higher. If you are in a locality which has a cinema available for your shows, you will automatically form a 35 mm. society and, with 500 members, your expenses will be roughly as follows:

Hire of cinema (£10 to £50).

Hire of films (£12 to £30 per programme).

Stationery, telephone, etc. (£50).

Subscription to Federation of English and Welsh Film Societies (£6 5s.).

This last item is not compulsory, but it repays itself handsomely in keeping you the right side of the law, and in providing you with many facilities such as research and advice in improving your programmes.

Assuming your season has eight shows, a seasonal subscription will cost from 12s. 6d. to £2 2s. per member. On the other hand, there is no need to be so ambitious. If you can find a hall or school possessing a projector (preferably 16 mm. sound machine), your difficulties are over. For there are about 40 film libraries, with rapidly growing stocks, ready to provide your requirements, and they all issue catalogues to help you compile your programmes. You will, of course, have to hire a projectionist, pay his fees and travelling expenses. But on a far smaller membership, the seasonal subscription should work out from 7s. 6d. to 12s. 6d. per member, for eight shows.

The 16 mm. sound machine gives you a wider range in that you can show 16 mm. silent films. But you cannot reverse the proceedings by showing a 16 mm. film with sound track on a silent film projector.

In case I have made the idea of a Film Society for your club sound just like mamma's apple pie, and you figure it might not be a bad idea to launch the boat right away, here is a damper.

You may need a special licence or the approval of the Chief Constable or the local Borough or County Council. You may be living in a Sunday Observance area. You may not get the films you have ordered unless you book them five or six weeks ahead.

These are just a few of the hurdles that may beset your path. None of them are insurmountable, provided you seek professional advice. Apart from the source already mentioned, cinema managers and local councillors can be most useful in helping you forward to your first show.

So make sure you use them and the local Press.

Studio Personalities

(Continued from page 14)

About this time he published his first novel and then directed his first feature film, *The Saint in London*, with George Sanders. To his credit he has the film stories for *While Parents Sleep* and *The Lambeth Walk*, whilst he collaborated on the scripts of *It's a Boy*, *A Yank at Oxford* and *Falling in Love*. At Ealing he directed George Formby in *Spare a Copper* and established himself as a director with a flair for good work.

After war broke out Paddy wrote and directed a number of M.O.I. security films, including *All Hands*. You can imagine his feelings when, as an officer in the Navy, he was ordered to see this film as part of naval security training, at each new station he joined! During all this time he was turning out his books and novels, of which perhaps the best known is *Curried Pineapple*.

Since his demobilisation he directed Sheila Sim, Barry K. Barnes and Richard Attenborough in *Dancing with Crime* for Paramount British, and has now been assigned to *Sleeping Car to Venice* for Two Cities. His latest novel is *Love and Ella Rafferty* and the next to be published, in the forthcoming summer, is *Solid Said the Earl*. His books he writes between making pictures. "A director," says Paddy, "is like the captain of a ship. Whilst using his own ideas, his own judgment, he must co-ordinate the ideas and requirements of his crew and his artistes. But when I finish a picture, I pull a blank piece of paper in front of me, look at it and say, 'For the next six weeks you're going to be all Carstairs and nothing but Carstairs.'"

We shall be seeing a lot more of Paddy, the Jekyll and the Hyde, the author and the director. Soon we, too, shall be able to say of his films, "You're all Carstairs," for his hallmark is already being recognised.

FILM MONTHLY REVIEW

FEBRUARY 1948

Published by:

PRECINCT PUBLICATIONS,
50, OLD BROMPTON ROAD,
SOUTH KENSINGTON, S.W.7

Editorial Office:

50, AYLESTONE AVENUE,
LONDON, N.W.6

"FILM MONTHLY REVIEW"
appears on the 15th of the month.

THE THIRD DIMENSION?

FRANK G. BARNES TELLS "F.M.R." READERS OF A NEW INVENTION

A NEW film to be made in a leading British studio in 1948 may make world headlines, give a terrific boost to British films, and start an ever-increasing flow of dollars pouring into this country.

This film—the world's first natural full-length stereoscopic movie—will bring to the screen new standards of photography and realism. Artists and scenes faithfully represented in three dimensions, will give the audience the impression of being on the spot and looking at the actual scene through an open window.

The secret lies in the oscillating mechanism of the "Biopticon," the result of 40 years' experiments by cine-inventor Ted Maxwell-Harvey.

This machine gives the camera a roving commission, moving it about in such a way that alternate shots are taken from different angles, approximating to left- and right-eye viewpoints. The human eye sees the two shots together on the screen, fused into a single three-dimensional picture.

(The shots are actually $1/24$ th of a second apart on the screen, but persistence of vision makes them appear simultaneous.)

In producing the stereoscopic effect, the oscillating camera automatically ensures sharp focus at all distances—something previously unknown. This cuts out many present-day studio practices, saving an estimated 10 per cent. of total production costs and time.

And by cutting down studio and projection lighting, the new process banishes from the cinema the eyestrain and headaches caused by screen-glare.

The "Biopticon" uses standard cameras, film, projectors and screens. No new equipment, and no viewing aids, like coloured glasses, are required. The third dimension is in the film itself.

Cine-technicians have unanimously acclaimed the "Biopticon," after seeing demonstration films and investigating studio tests. One famous British director said, "It's the biggest thing since talkies. . . ."

DOCUMENTARY *film news*

THE FACTUAL FILM MONTHLY

if you were interested
in the "snippets"
on page 14

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LONDON, S.W.7.



SUSAN SHAW

In the forthcoming picture produced by the J. Arthur Rank Organisation, "London Belongs To Me," this charming blonde will play the part of Doris Josser, a city typist, a part in which Patricia Roc was originally cast. Eighteen-year-old Susan Shaw has attained film stardom in but eighteen months. In her first film part in "The Upturned Glass" she spoke two lines. "Holiday Camp" followed, but it was her brilliant performance in "It Always Rains on Sunday" that led to her being given the star role in "London Belongs To Me." For the film her hair will be dyed brown, and she says that when her film is finished she would like to stay that way.

Susan was born in West Norwood, London. Except for two years spent in Keighley, Yorkshire, and a year at Watford, she has lived in London, and went to school at the City of London School.

On leaving school she modelled for the Camera Club, where she was spotted by Jack Emerald, the still photographer. She was given a film test by Sydney Box, which resulted in her appearance as a dancer in "London Town." She signed a contract with the J. Arthur Rank Organisation and joined the company of youth. It was while pursuing her studies that she appeared in the James Mason film, "The Upturned Glass."

